

The Times-Dispatch.

Published Daily and Weekly at No. 4 North Tenth Street, Richmond, Va.
Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as Second-Class Matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

The DAILY TIMES-DISPATCH is sold at 2 cents a copy.

The SUNDAY TIMES-DISPATCH is sold at 5 cents a copy.

DAILY TIMES-DISPATCH by mail—50 cents a month; \$5.00 a year, \$2.50 for six months; \$1.50 for three months.

SUNDAY TIMES-DISPATCH by mail \$2.00 a year.

The DAILY TIMES-DISPATCH, including Sunday, by Carrier, 15 cents per week.

The SUNDAY TIMES-DISPATCH, by Carrier, 5 cents per week.

The WEEKLY TIMES-DISPATCH, \$1.00 per year.

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Uptown Office at T. A. Miller's, No. 619 East Broad Street.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1903.

HOLLYWOOD DAY.

The tender memories of a day that is gone, of an army that has fired its last shot and fired its banners; of marching music that has died away in the distance, but whose echoes yet linger upon our ears—all are recalled on Hollywood Memorial Day.

What Pere le Chaise is to France, what Westminster Abbey is to England, what Arlington is to the United States, Hollywood is to Virginia and the South.

Beneath the shade of its stately oaks and bending willows, and under its velvet green swards, with the falls of the James to murmur their requiem, there sleep a host of soldier and civilian dead, and among them many illustrious men.

If there could be a trump recalling these heroes to life and marshaling them in their several ranks and stations, there would be seen one of the grandest armies of which history tells. It would be under the eye of President Davis himself, and about him would be assembled some of his mightiest generals and nearly twice ten thousand officers and men of the line.

But it would not be a host in burnished helmets and glittering uniforms, but one of serious-minded young men, with faces bronzed by exposure, wearing shabby uniforms, stained with the mud and dust of the trenches. Yet one would see in their eyes the loyalty of Southern patriots; a devotion that put aside all thought of suffering and danger, and asked no reward but remembrance.

But, alas! they sleep the sleep that knows no waking. The piercing drum and shrill fife no more can rouse them. Their ears are dulled to the bugle's thrill. Their awakenings will be by no mortal trumpet. Till then they rest by battalions and brigades in the soldiers' section, and by ones, or twos, or threes in private lots—some having been killed outright in the fierce rush and roar of battle; some sent to hospitals, slowly to die of wounds or camp fevers; some, surviving the surrender, to fight a fight against poverty and changed conditions. Now all alike rest in Hollywood—all alike deserving objects of woman's care.

And this is Memorial Day! Not merely a day appointed for the decoration of the graves of the Confederate soldiers buried in Hollywood, but for recalling their services and sacrifices and dedicating our hearts anew to their memory.

Let us remember, too, with what fidelity the ladies of the Hollywood Association have clung to their work. When first begun it was barely tolerated by the Federal authorities. These days we see the exchange of the most fraternal courtesies between the Blue and the Gray; we see the United States Government making provision for the care of certain Confederate graves; we hear Charles Francis Adams, of New England, arguing that Lee was no traitor when he resigned his commission in the old army and answered Virginia's call, and we find our State Legislature voting money to place the statues of Washington and Lee in the Capitol at Washington. Not all of the narrow-minded bigots of the land have disappeared, but their ranks are thinning out, and the signs of the times are auspicious. Then let us enter upon the exercises of Memorial Day with renewed devotion, doing credit to ourselves in glorifying the cause for which we fought and in honoring the memories of those dauntless spirits who fell where duty placed them.

The best part of the celebration will be lost if we fail to catch an inspiration from the example which the heroes of the Confederacy have set. It is well for us to honor our noble dead; it is better to imitate their courage, their heroism and sacrifice, their devotion to duty, their love of home and State and freedom's rights. In honoring them, let us be sure that we live worthily of them; that our conduct is such as to merit their smiling approval, if it be that their glorified spirits regard us as we go to and fro in the discharge of our duties. And let us so live as that generations to come will honor our memory and lay the garlands of love and admiration upon the mounds that cover our dust.

KING "AND OTHERS."

John M. King, who was indicted upon the serious charge of having accepted a bribe while a member of the Board of Aldermen, has been convicted by a jury of his peers. Now that the verdict has been rendered, we have no disposition to review the case, and it might well be left alone were it not for the fact that in the course of the trial there was evidence to show that other members have also been guilty of the same crime. Commonwealth's Attorney Richardson, who has conducted this case in a spirit of fairness, yet with fearless fidelity to his duty, declared in course of his address to the jury that he knew of a combination similar to the "paying pool," in which are interested a former member of the Street Committee and a present member of the Council. Mr. Richardson is something of a sensationalist. He is a servative; he is very careful in his enunciation, and he would never have

made this assertion in court or elsewhere if he was not quite sure of his facts.

What is the Council going to do about it? Is it possible that the members are willing to let such a charge go unchallenged, and are they willing to let it go without investigating it? Whether or not, there will be an investigation by the Board of Aldermen, and Mr. Richardson will be a star witness. It is impossible in this day of civilization to cover up a charge like this. People will not be satisfied until there is a thorough investigation, and this charge and other charges have been probed to the bottom. The Council made a serious blunder originally when it refused to investigate. Press and people warned members at that time that they could not dispose of this matter by trying to hush it up. It was argued by members that it would reflect upon the good name of the community to have such an investigation. It was answered that it was a more serious reflection upon the community to allow such charges to go unchallenged. Councilmen were warned that these charges were as a slumbering volcano, and that they would explode by and by. The investigation was delayed, but it was inevitable. Murder will out, and it must be apparent now to all members that the time to investigate was immediately after the report of the grand jury was made public. The delay has done no good, but has simply made a bad matter worse. It has simply protracted the agony and kept alive a public scandal that might have been disposed of several months ago.

Some of King's friends have said that he should not be punished, because he was made merely a scapegoat for others more guilty than he. We do not see why King should be shielded on that plea, seeing that he has not turned State's evidence. But be that as it may, if there are others more guilty than he, in the name of public decency let them be apprehended and exposed and punished as they deserve. Let us thoroughly clean our municipal household and fumigate it and make it fit for decent men to occupy. It "smells to heaven" now.

ANSWER NO. 2.

Several days ago a correspondent put to us this question:

"Should Mr. Cleveland, by any possibility, become the standard bearer of the Democratic party in 1904, by what mode of reasoning could he expect to support him?"

We replied that if Mr. Cleveland should be nominated on a gold standard platform in 1904, he could not expect the advocates of free silver to support him; that he would have no more right to expect it than Mr. Bryan would have the right to expect the advocates of the gold standard to support him on a free silver platform.

The Petersburg Index-Appel thinks we have missed the point, and that our reply is "quite inadequate and incorrect." Our contemporary puts and answers the question as follows:

"By what mode of reasoning could Mr. Cleveland expect the bimetallicists of the country to support him? In the possible event of his being nominated by two-thirds of a national Democratic convention? Why, by the very same mode of reasoning that Mr. Bryan used in every speech he made in his two campaigns for president, when he declared submission to the will of the majority to be a cardinal principle of Democratic faith. It is immaterial whether Mr. Cleveland subscribed to this view of party duty or not, or whether he professed and practiced these views and principles, Mr. Bryan, at least, is estopped from alleging it against him and in justification of a similar declaration on his own part. If Mr. Cleveland was wrong in not submitting to the will of a majority of the party in 1896 and 1900, how can Mr. Bryan and his supporters be right in not submitting to the will of the majority in 1904? They preached regularly and denounced irregularly, and denouncing themselves and confessing themselves to be fit objects of all the approbrious epithets they have so unparagonably denounced against others.

In the name of party regularity all things are possible. It is true that Mr. Bryan and his intimates denounced and are still denouncing those Democrats who in 1896 and in 1900 refused to support him on a platform in some of whose planks they did not believe, and to be entirely consistent they should support Mr. Cleveland or any other man whom the Democrats might nominate in 1904 upon a gold standard platform, or any other platform which the convention might see fit to adopt. They might be expected to do this on the score of party regularity, on the score of consistency, or, as our contemporary puts it, upon the higher plane of the golden rule. But the golden rule does not always rule in politics. We recall that when the Readjusters came into power in this State, the Richmond Whig, the organ of that party, contained a paragraph which read something like this: 'Readjusters, do unto your enemies, the Pundlers, as you know they would do unto you, if they had the chance. This is not religion, but it's politics.'

But that is without the discussion. Our correspondent asked if Mr. Cleveland would have the right to expect the advocates of free silver to support him on a gold standard platform, and as an abstract proposition, we said that we would not. By this we meant simply to say that no candidate for office has the right to expect his fellow-citizens to vote for him when he stands for principles and policies to which they are conscientiously opposed.

But are there many advocates of free silver (at 16 to 1) in the Democratic party to-day? Free silver is a thing of the past, and we can see no sufficient reason why all Democrats may not stand comfortably together on the financial plank of the platform of 1892, upon which Mr. Cleveland was elected.

FUN AHEAD.

We are further inclined to think that the inspiration of the Norfolk paper's motto was found in the famous toast given by Stephen Decatur, at Norfolk, in 1816: 'Our country! May she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.' This is an excellent principle for a patriot, but a very reprehensible one for a partisan. Petersburg Index-Appel.

Ought a man to stand by his country in a course that he knew to be wrong? Does patriotism require a man to do violence to his own conscience? Is a man first duty to himself or to his country?

And now if there is to be a further discussion of the subject, so far as we are concerned we shall defer it, with that other important question, "What is the South?" till the meeting of the Press Association at Ocean View, or let the Virginia-Pilot settle the question by giving its own interpretation.—Charlottesville Progress.

Sakes alive! What an interesting time we are going to have at the next meeting of the Press Association. Come one, come all.

A TRIBUTE TO THE SOUTH.

In reply to some remarks recently made by the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, on the negro question, a correspondent of the New York Sun recently said:

"I wonder if Dr. Parkhurst ever took into consideration that the South was so badly in want of soldiers' graves as to accept all white men for fifteen years of age, leaving the plantations and farms solely in charge of their wives and daughters, who carried on farming with their black slaves just the same as if their husbands, sons and brothers were at home. If the negroes had been criminally inclined they could have killed all the white women and children. I never heard of such a thing occurring, and I have traveled all over the South, during and since the rebellion, nor do I believe that Dr. Parkhurst ever heard of it."

We wonder if this correspondent ever took the trouble to ask himself the question, and to answer it frankly, why it was that the negro servants who remained at home during the war took care of the women and served them faithfully, and never committed a vile crime against them. We wonder if he ever stopped to think that this was the highest tribute possible to the system of slavery in the South. It was a family relationship. The slaves were part and parcel of the family, regarded themselves as such, and were treated as such. The children were well trained. They were taught morals and manners and handicraft. They were taught the lesson of obedience, which lies at the basis of all character, and they were taught to respect the authorities. Each household had its own discipline, its own regulations, and its own method of enforcing them. But it was in the main a kind discipline, and the fact that the negroes submitted to it so kindly, and especially the fact noted by the Sun's correspondent, that they remained quietly at home during the war and cared for "ole Mis" and her children, is proof that they were not greatly dissatisfied with their lot.

If slavery had been half as bad as Northern fanatics painted it, the slaves would have rebelled during the war and wreaked vengeance on the whites.

All Southerners are glad that slavery is a thing of the past. It was a costly thing to the South, but it was the most humane system of slavery the world ever knew, and it was in many respects a blessing to the slaves.

GOOD BUSINESS RULES.

The following rules have been adopted by leading business men of Chicago:

"Speak softly over the telephone, and wear your coat in the office."

"Shave at least every other day."

"A man who dresses neatly is a neat worker."

These are good rules, and we commend them to our young readers. It is not necessary, of course, that a man in business wear fine clothes, but it is very much in his favor that he appears in public and in private always in neat attire. This will require some care and attention and some extra labor, but it is well worth the expenditure. Shakespeare was right when he said "The appearance of it proclaims the man." A man is not necessarily a fine man because he wears fine clothes, but if he is always neat and tidy in his dress, you may count on his being neat and tidy in his work. The slipshod man usually has a slipshod appearance, and the man who is slipshod in his appearance, is apt to be slipshod in his work. We know that there are honorable exceptions, but the rule is as we have stated it. Neatness and politeness are always worth while.

One of the esteemed New York dailies says, "It is almost incredible that the site of this splendid and busy metropolis less than 300 years ago was the home of a handful of painted savages, and with wild beasts roaming in the primeval forest with which it was covered." Indeed, New York has changed very little in 300 years. The trees in the "primeval forest" have given away to tall houses, but the painted savages and the wild beasts and the bulls and the bears are still roaming about there, and as a general rule they are much more dangerous than were the breeds of three centuries ago.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch insists that the people can smash old precedents and make new ones on occasion. While it does not think ex-President Cleveland, in the present state of public sentiment, could be nominated, it feels assured he could be elected if he were renominated upon an acceptable platform and accorded the undivided support of his party. The Times-Dispatch seems to take it for granted that "Barkis is willin'," but there is not the slightest foundation for this confidence in so far as "The Record" is informed.—Philadelphia Record.

We do not suppose that Mr. Cleveland will seek the nomination, but if without solicitation the party should nominate him, we do not suppose that he would decline.

An English paper informs us that statistics are at hand to show that in the last fifty years Englishmen have grown an inch taller. We have known successful candidates for the Legislature in Virginia to grow six inches taller in six minutes after the returns came in.

Judge Walter Clark, of North Carolina, Mr. Bryan's latest candidate for the Presidency, is described as "a Methodist in religion, a Bryanite in politics, and a great admirer of Napoleon Bonaparte."

If he is guilty on the last two counts, the first, as good as it is, will not save him for the Presidency.

It was not the HAMPTON that struck the Postoffice "ment, but another brand of Hardy, of N. Y."

A German of yesterday, years ago was worth a hundred dollars. A few days ago he was worth a million dollars. He was a public expenditure. Whom a C. C. Carnegie liked, best Mrs. Walling, or

two from that cobbler if he had known of him in time.

There are two things the loyal Kentuckian cannot make from the diagram, to wit: The popularity of the automobile as a racer, and this temperance wave that he hears of as existing in other parts of the country.

Big strikes distracting to business in the North; cyclones blowing up the earth and killing folks in the West; serene calmness, like unto that of the typical May morning, in the South. Moral: Come South, young man; come South.

Why do so many of our esteemed contemporaries speak of a probable forthcoming event as the "renomination of Roosevelt for the presidency?" Was the gentleman ever nominated for that office before?

"Thank God, I am not rich," says ex-Secretary John D. Long. Truly the good man is poor in material for thankfulness, if he has come down to that.

And now Dr. Abbott says Adam never existed. The scamp who ate that apple ought to be run down and severely punished.

There is clamor in St. Louis for lower back fares, larger sandwiches and more hotels, and the exposition isn't open yet, either.

The foot-ball players will have to do some lat practicing between now and autumn to keep up their fatality averages as against Paris automobiles.

If the Czar of Russia can open the door to those famine-stricken Chinese, he may expect forgiveness for some of his other doings in China.

As soon as Mr. Cleveland told all he knew about the persecution of the Jews in Russia, he went right back to his bait gourd.

Isn't it a little unusual for so many legislators to announce so early in the action that they don't want any more legislative glory?

A trolley has been slipped somewhere. There are no Central American revolutions on hand this week.

Foxhall Keene was not hurt in the French automobile race, because he was not in it.

A Few Foreign Facts.

Last year British exports (48,533,000 tons) were over a million and a quarter tons more than those of 1901.

The failure of the rice crop has produced a famine in the northeastern provinces of Japan. Over 150,000 Japanese are destitute.

A diamond weighing 57 carats and worth about \$15,000 was found on the Premier Johannesburg property the other day.

Oswald Wegel, of Leipzig, is about to sell the library of the late Dr. Julius Platzmann, which contains some four hundred works on American languages, especially on the languages of South America.

When a British ambassador is appointed to France he is allowed \$2,000 for outfit. In the case of promotion \$14,000 is allowed, and in the case of transfer \$10,000.

One thousand pounds was paid the other day in London by an orchard collector for a plant that originally cost the importer one shilling six pence. It had developed uncommon blood-red markings on white.

The proportion of university students is going up in Holland and the United States at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum; in Germany and Belgium 6 per cent.; in Switzerland by more than 7 per cent., while in France, Italy, Austria and Russia the annual increase does not fall behind these figures, but in Great Britain, taking several years together, there has been a falling off.

The Royal Suffolk Herald says: Having been among the gold Democrats in 1896 that stood by Bryan and free silver, and did not desert the party with Grover Cleveland because we could not tolerate his policy, having had our opinions dashed at that time, we believe the free silver leaders of those days should share the honors of leadership with those whom we represent, set aside Bryan on the one hand and Cleveland on the other, and name a candidate and make a platform on which all Democrats can unite.

The Staunton Spectator says: Now that we have a law in Virginia under which the corporations commission can be dissolved, we will see how long it will take for all the corporations in Virginia to pull up and go away.

The Newport News Press says: Copper is only one item of the mineral wealth stored away in the Virginia hills. Coal, gold and silver, undoubtedly will be found in profitable quantities, and the time soon will come when a large section of the State will vie with Pennsylvania and West Virginia in the production of mineral products.

The suffering editor of the Newport News Herald exclaims: There is no money in it for the man who can invent a place where the ice pick and the cork-screw will stay.

Remarks About Richmond.

Newport News Press: The prospect of a local option election in Richmond causes the saloon men to make very faces.

Harrisburg News: Liquor interests in the city of Richmond are disturbed over a report that the city will vote on local option asking for a local option election. Taxation and thorough police regulation will do more to suppress the inherent evils of the liquor traffic in a city like Richmond than any other measure that could be hoped for under local option.

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THE MAN ABOUT Town

—BY—
Harry Tucker

DAILY CALENDAR.

July 5—Received a free pass to New York.

July 15—Struck the Bowery and head to wire home for funds.

All the "heavy set" men in the City Hall are verging on a state of nervous prostration.

Several days past a stranger has been making inquiries about a "heavy set" man.

He has trouble in locating him. Hawkins, Major Howard, Commodore Porter, Clerk Ned Rowell, Treasurer Phillips, Delinquent Collector Wallford, Superintendent of Police, Isaac Field and Clerk Edgar White have been seen by the stranger, but neither is the "heavy set" man.

What may be wanted of him is a mystery.

And as a result a lot of suppressed excitement is apparent about the city's temple.

Everybody is ready at a moment's notice to do a "heavy set" man to jump, and it is thought that Judge Witt and Admiral Porter are getting ready to take a fishing trip to a Reservoir Lake or some other equally as safe retreat.

Any how, the right "heavy set" man has not been found to tell some one to say that the stranger will continue to be a Nemesis.

We wish to ask Miss May Mantion a leading question, and we will anxiously await her reply.

Is it or is it not considered an act, to take off one's hat in an elevator, simply because it may happen to be one of the passengers?

Does not a man with a bare head in an elevator run grave danger of contracting a cold in his head, from which pneumonia may evolve?

We have occasion upon frequent times to go up and down an elevator, and what we are concerned about is what may be the proper thing to do.

It is in the code of etiquette, we want to be in line, for we are nothing, if not proper, upon all occasions.

We would like to hear from our lady friends in reference to this matter, and we wish to put the whole thing before the world, so there may be no misunderstanding about it in future.

The shady side is often sought on hot days, and the sunny side is something seldom pays.

'Tis better to take cooling draught, than have your collar faded.

But the shady side of life is something never sought at all.

When our income gets to be 400 plunks a week we are gone for a Shiner, for we think a Shiner knows how to live, and the blues and other troubles better than any other individual we know of.

When we are when we reach the apex of bliss in having a hundred a week, we shall feel able to go off somewhere, and while we are there we shall get rid of the worries of life's incidents, and a short bank account and an accumulation of house rent and coal bills.

But, the time will come when we will be able to do so.

We ran across as fine a bunch of fellows from Tidewater as you could get together in a month's trip, and we haven't forgot them yet.

They came here to take part in the Shriners' meeting, and stayed over for a little while.

In the bunch were Captain J. W. Simmons, of Berkeley; Messrs. E. H. P. Bain, Billy Chapman and W. T. Scott, of Portsmouth, and Major T. J. Nottingham, of Norfolk.

After we had taken some marmosetta and rum from Campbell's counter, Captain Simmons started in to tell some of his good stories, which were all credited to Major Nottingham, and some time in the future we hope to be able to print them.

All we got to say is that the stories were ones, especially the one about the tramp who wanted something to eat, and the story about Mr. Smoot's club in Alexandria.

We didn't get through laughing yet, and what we started out to say is that the very next time the Major or any of the bunch is up anywhere, they want to be asked to tell those stories.

Hat Hour With Virginia Editors.

The Charlottesville Progress makes this point: The people of Amherst are asked to vindicate Judge Campbell by sending him to the Legislature. This is a rather doubtful compliment to the body which declared by a vote of 62 to 40 that the judge was not a proper person to sit upon the bench.

The loyal Suffolk Herald says: Having been among the gold Democrats in 1896 that stood by Bryan and free silver, and did not desert the party with Grover Cleveland because we could not tolerate his policy, having had our opinions dashed at that time, we believe the free silver leaders of those days should share the honors of leadership with those whom we represent, set aside Bryan on the one hand and Cleveland on the other, and name a candidate and make a platform on which all Democrats can unite.

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THE PURPLE GOD!

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON. Copyright, 1903.

CHAPTER XVII.
THE RAJA'S DEMAND.

The devil's whirlwind! So the natives called the mutiny, and so it is perpetuated in history. No better name could have been chosen for the destructive storm that flashed like a bolt from a clear sky, hurled a deluge of blood, rapine and cruelty on a defenseless and unprepared India, and ran from point to point throughout the country as lowlands are ravaged by a tempestuous sea that has suddenly burst its dykes.

Meerut was the spark that fired the train, and to the refugees in the jungle village the further news of the fall of Delhi, that great fortified city, seemed as bad as it could well be.

But this was merely the beginning. While the majority of Meerut's people quietly pursued their agricultural vocations, certain others—picked men—kept going to and from the outer world and picking up scraps of information with that marvelous aptitude which only natives possess.

It was all one-sided at first—all in favor of the rebels. Horrors multiplied. With rage and despair Jack and his friends learned of revolt and massacre at Ferozepore, Aligarh, Itanah and numerous other places.

They heard almost daily, through that black mouth of May, of the destruction of bridges, telegraphs and railways, of the slaughter of soldiers and civilians, women and children, of cantonments and towns given over to flame and sword.

At last the British seemed inclined to be hearing